BOMBER
COMICS
FALL
No 3
10c
P.D.C.
V

PETEY AND HIS PALS

BY JAY MAXWELL

O'BOY! I'M JUST CRAZY ABOUT BIRTHDAY PARTIES!
MOM, I JUST GOT BACK FROM ROSEMARY'S PARTY AN I HAD A GREAT TIME!
GOOD GRACIOUS, PETEY, YOUR HANDS ARE SO STICKY!
SO WOULD YOURS BE, MOM IF YOU HAD A COUPLA MERINGUES AN' A CHOC'LIT ECLAIR IN YOUR POCKET!
Jay Maxwell

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WONDER BOY
BY JERRY MAXWELL
THIS IS THE ENEMY! STUDY HIM WELL... BEHIND THIS UGLY CRANIUM, A WITHERED BRAIN BEATS WITH A SINGULAR PULSE: KILL.. KILL.. KILL! THE "GLORIOUS" THIRD REICH PROUDLY PRESENTS THIS CAREFULLY SELECTED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT AS A MATCH FOR OUR YOUTHFUL DEFENDER OF DEMOCRACY IS THIS AN EQUAL CONTEST? JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!

A DANCE IS IN FULL SWING AT THE MAPLEWOOD COUNTRY CLUB . . .
MADEMOISELLE BENSON . . WOULD YOU HONOR ME BY . . HOW YOU SAY EET . . SITTING ZEES WAN OUT? EET EES LOVELY IN ZE GARDEN!
I'D LOVE TO COUNT!
SALLY SURE IS GOING FOR THE PHONEY LINE OF THAT JERK!
AH, SALLY, YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL SINCE I FIRST SAW YOU I HAVE BEEN MADLY IN LOF WEETH YOU!
OHH COUNT, DON'T . . PLEASE . .
WHAT TH'!
WHY, THE . . . RAT . . MY GIRL, TOO!
THIS OUGHT TO COOL YOU OFF, ROMEO!
WONDER BOY! STOP IT! STOP IT!
JUST LET ME HAVE ONE MORE SOCK AT HIM!
EET EES NOTHINK!
WONDER BOY! HOW COULD YOU . . ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, COUNT?
I'LL FIX HEEM!
SHALL WE GO IN, COUNT? SOME ROUGHNECKS CAN'T BEHAVE AS GENTLEMEN!
WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE! HERE I THINK I'M DOING HER A FAVOR, AND SHE WALKS OFF WITH THE OLD BUZZARD! THAT SETTLES IT! I'M THROUGH WITH WOMEN . . FOREVER!
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FUNNY I NEVER CARED ABOUT GOLF BEFORE NOW!
SALLY..I LOF YOU SO MUCH..I CAN THEENK OF NOTHING BUT YOU!
OH, COUNT YOU SAY THE NICEST THINGS!
UNHAPPILY, WONDER BOY WATCHES THE COUNT CONTINUE HIS WHIRL-WIND COURTSHIP.
ANOTHER SET OF TENNIS'LL PROBABLY KILL THAT OLD DUCK.. BUT DOES THAT STOP HIM? NO!
WELL, SON, YOU'D BETTER FIND A NEW COMPANION! THAT FRENCHMAN SEEMS TO BE STEALING YOUR THUNDER WITH SALLY!
YOU SAID IT, MR. BENSON!
BEG PARDON, SIR, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN FROM THE F.B.I. OUTSIDE!
SEND HIM IN, CHARLES!
I'LL SEND AN ARMY ESCORT AT TEN TOMORROW MORNING TO TAKE YOU TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT WITH YOUR NEW INVENTION!
I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU. I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH AN ARMY ESCORT!
I BETTER PHONE THE COUNTESS!
YES, COUNTESS, I JUST HEARD THEM. HE'S TAKING THE INVENTION TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT AT TEN AND HE'S HAVING AN ARMY ESCORT!
I MUST TELL MY BROTHER AT ONCE!

HMM, ARMAND IS PROGRESSING BEAUTIFULLY! THE LITTLE FOOL SEEMS THRILLED!
♪♫♪ THE FLOWERS.. THAT.. BLOOM.. IN.. THE.. SPRINGTIME.. ♫♫♪
O-O-O
BZZ..Z..B.ZZ. I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU, B.. Z..Z..
EXCUSE ME, MY DEAR!
SUDDENLY SALLY FREEZES IN HORROR!
E..E..EK! HALP!
IT IS REXO! HE HAS FRIGHTENED HER!
SALLY! WHAT EES ZE MATTER?
REXO.. GET BACK TO ZE BASEMENT AT ONCE!
THERE, THERE, CHER! REXO EES VERREE UGLY BUT HE WOULD NOT HURT A FLY! DO NOT BE FRIGHTENED!
HE STARTLED ME SO..SNIFF SNIFF..
IN THE MEANTIME...
THE ARMY OFFICERS ARE HERE, SIR!
ARMY OFFICERS! HERE NOW?
BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE TO COME TOMORROW!
THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE IN PLANS. WE'RE TO TAKE YOU TO THE WAR OFFICE AT ONCE!

I'LL GET THE BLUEPRINTS!
ODD THAT THEY SHOULD TAKE A PLACE THIS FAR OUT!
MR. BENSON IS DRIVEN TO THE COUNTESS' MANSION...
WHAT SORT OF WAR OFFICE IS THIS?
WE HAD TO REQUISITION THIS HOME... LACK OF SPACE!
SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME, MR. BENSON!
B..BUT I THOUGHT. THIS..WAS..
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT NOW. YOU LOOK SO TIRED, SIR, YOU REALLY MUST REST!
THIS'LL HELP YOU GET TO SLEEP!
QUICK.! OUT OF THOSE UNIFORMS. I'VE GOT THE PAPERS!
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PERFECT. . ARMAND. . PERFECT. . WE HAVE ALL THE DETAILS OF THE INVENTION HERE!
ARMAND. . WHO WAS THAT MAN THEY JUST CARRIED OUT?
OH, SOME POOR MAN WHO FAINTED OUTSIDE ZE HOUSE!
WHY. . THAT LOOKS LIKE DAD'S HAT. . W. . WHY. . IT IS!
Benson
STOP THOSE MEN! THEY'VE GOT DAD!
E. . E. . AH. . GLUB. .
TAKE HER UPSTAIRS, REXO!
MMFF. .
WITH THESE PLANS TO OFFER HITLER, LAVAL WILL STRENGTHEN HIS OWN POSITION!
WE WILL BE WELL REWARDED!
THAT NIGHT AT WONDER BOY'S HOME . . .
WE DROPPED IN TO MAKE SOME LAST MINUTE ARRANGEMENTS BUT MR. BENSON ISN'T HOME! WOULD YOU KNOW WHERE HE MIGHT BE?
I THINK I KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND HIS DAUGHTER! SHE MAY KNOW WHERE HE IS!
ASK HIM TO GIVE US A CALL WHEN YOU LOCATE HIM, WILL YOU PLEASE!
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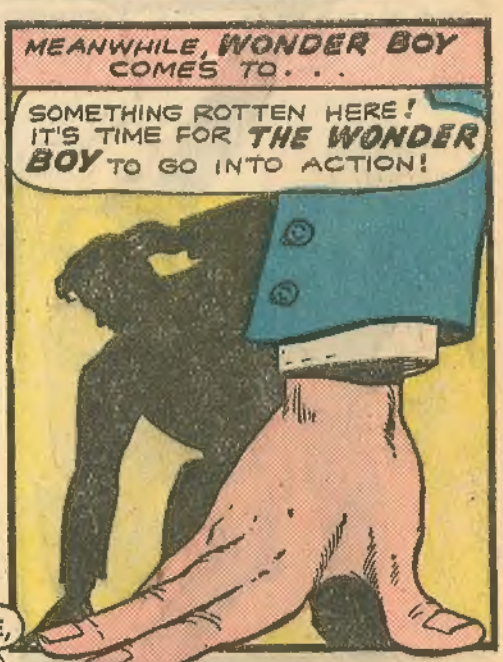
LOOK'S LIKE THE COUNT'S RUNNING A BIG PARTY!
I'M LOOKING FOR MISS BENSON!
NO CAN COME IN!
REXO SAY NO CAN COME IN!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
TOO BAD I CAN'T HAVE REXO'S PERMISSION!
WONDER BOY! EES ANYTHING WRONG?
NOTHING EXCEPT THAT THIS NIGHT-MARE TRIED TO GET ROUGH!
REXO, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SUCH RUDENESS?
THAT'S BETTER!
YOU LOOK TIRED, WONDER BOY!
OOOF!
BRING HIM UPSTAIRS.. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT NOSEY-BODY!
HA, HA! SOMEBODY'S HAD ONE COCKTAIL TOO MANY!

YOU'RE A SPY, COUNT! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. OH, HOW COULD YOU HAVE BEEN SO TREACHEROUS?
THERE, THERE.. CALM YOURSELF, CHERI.. OF COURSE I AM A SPY!

BUT ZAT EES BECAUSE I AM INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO KNOW ZE WINNING SIDE.. ZE NEW ORDER EES INVINCIBLE!

IF YOU WERE SENSIBLE, CHERI, YOU WOULD INDUCE YOUR FATHER TO JOIN WEETH US.. WE FASCISTS KNOW HOW TO TREAT BRILLIANT SCIEN-TISTS WELL!

I HOPE I CAN MAKE THIS SOUND CONVINCING!
OH, ARMAND, THEN YOU REALLY DO CARE! YOU WANT ME WITH YOU! I'M SO HAPPY, I'LL TALK TO FATHER!
GOOD, I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!


MEANWHILE, WONDER BOY COMES TO. . .
SOMETHING ROTTEN HERE! IT'S TIME FOR THE WONDER BOY TO GO INTO ACTION!

NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

THERE, THERE, HONEY! I KNOW..HE HAS MY PLANS!
OHH, DAD.. ARMAND.. HE'S WORKING WITH THE NAZIS, AND.. AND HE THINKS I'M WITH HIM.. WHAT'LL WE DO?

SO SHE'S VORKING MIT YOU, EH? DUMBKOPF! LISTEN TO DOT GIRL.. ACH.. YOU SHTUPID FRENCH! IF NOT FOR DER GESTAPO..
YOU.. YOU MEAN SHE FOOLED ARMAND.. ME!

SO, YOU TWO.. YOU THINK TO FOOL US, EH? VE SOON TEACH YOU HOW UNVISE DOT ISS!
THE NAZI CHIEF!
OHH, GOOD HEAVENS!
YOU CAN'T SHOOT THEM HERE..THE BLOOD WILL RUIN THE CARPET, AND THE GUESTS BELOW WILL HEAR THE SHOT!
GEDT OUDT, YOU OLD HAG, UND TAKE DOT IDIOT UND DER OTHERS MIT YOU!
COME ON..HE VILL TAKE YOU OUTSIDE VHERE DER GUESTS DON'T HEAR DER SHOTS!
SUDDENLY...
PSSST!
WHAT THE.. WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU GAPING AT YOU GREAT BIG KILLER OF WOMEN?
WONDER BOY!
HIMMEL!
TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO ADOLF, UGLY!

STEP RIGHT UP AND TAKE IT!
OOF!
GREETINGS, BOYS!
I'VE GOT YOU NOW, YOU LIDDLE FOOL!
OH!
THE STUNNING BLOW TAKES EFFECT. . .
PLEASE BE CAREFUL. . THE GUESTS WILL HEAR YOU!
LOOK! HERE COMES A GUEST!
SUDDENLY. . .
'LO, EV'BODY! WHASHA ALL DOIN' UP HERE? WHYNSHA COME DOWN 'N' HAVE A LIL' FUN?
PLEASE! GET HELP! THESE PEOPLE ARE SPIES!
SHPIES!
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HER, TOMMY. . SHE'S MY HYSTERICAL NIECE!
HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK, HUH?
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HEY YOU! TURN AROUND, I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS TO TELL YOU. . .
E..E..A..H!
THIS IS TOO MUCH. . I'LL NEVER TOUCH ANOTHER DROP!
YOU CAN TAKE A LITTLE NAP ON DER FLOOR WHILE REXO FIXES A NICE HOT BED FOR YOU, JA!
A HOT BLAST FROM THE FURNACE CAUSES REXO TO DRAW BACK. . .
UGH.. IT BURNS!
AND. . .
YOU GET BACK!
JUST WHAT DID YOU HAVE ON YOUR MIND, UGLY?
OH, OH! HERE COME THE OTHERS! I'LL NEED A WEAPON!
WELCOME! GLAD YOU CAME!

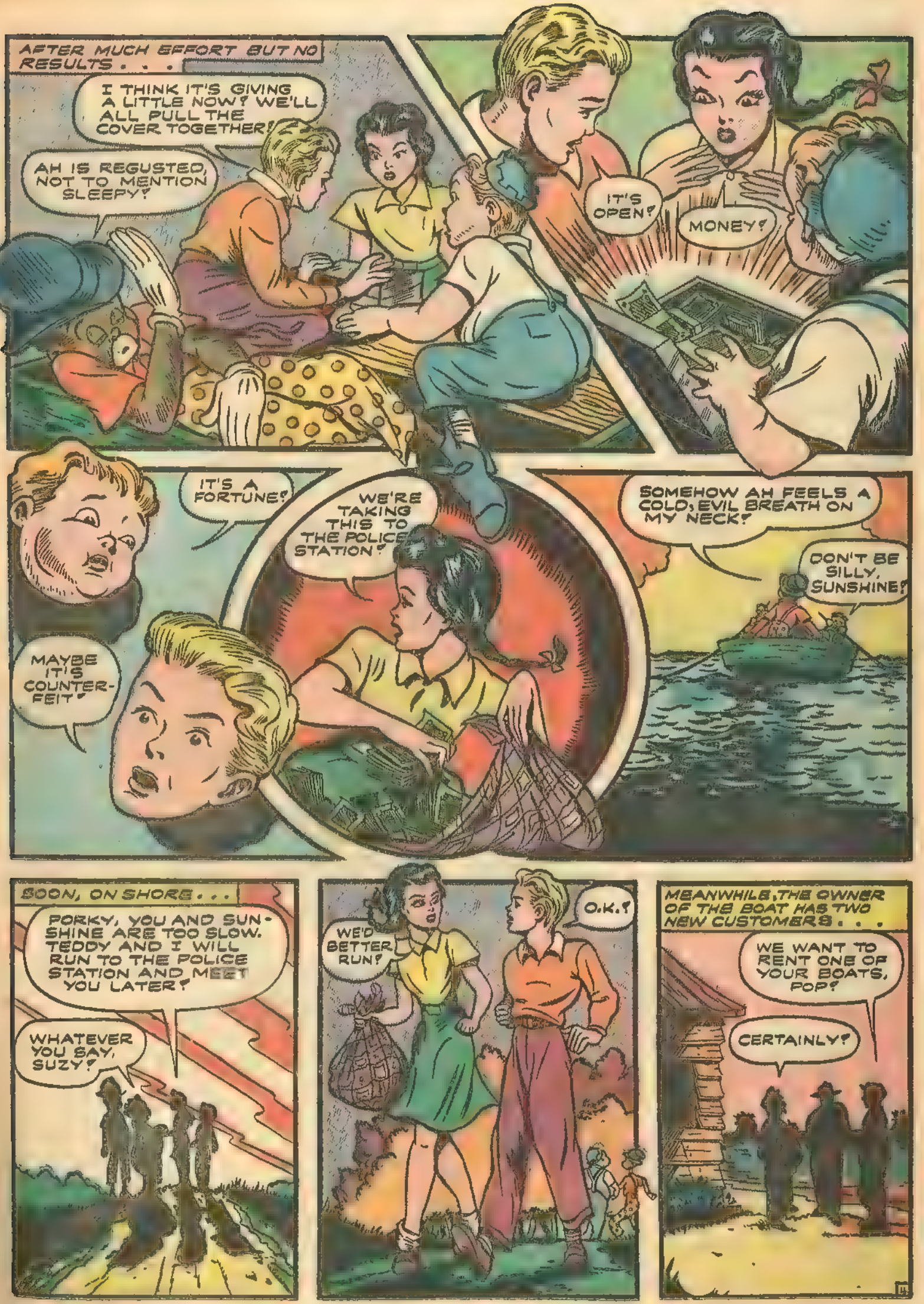
AS REXO FALLS, HE KNOCKS OVER THE HOUSE PHONE . . .
WONDER BOY HIT REXO .. REXO NOT FEEL GOOD!
KLUNK!
OH MY GOODNESS! WE'D BETTER GET OUT BEFORE HE WARNS THE G-MEN!
THIS WILL SET OFF THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM AND THE FIRE ALARM!
AT THE FIRE-HOUSE . . .
LET'S GO, BOYS! SIGNAL'S FROM THAT FRENCH COUNT'S PLACE!
FIRE! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
AS THE GUESTS FLEE IN CONFUSION . . .
WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT BENSON AND THE GIRL?
NO TIME TO BOTHER ABOUT THEM NOW!

JUST A MINUTE, GRANDMA! YOU AREN'T GOING ANYPLACE!
E..E..K!
HERE.. YOU CANNOT DO ZEES TO MY SISTER!
AS THE FIREMEN ARRIVE IN ANSWER TO THE ALARM, WONDER BOY CALLS ON THEM FOR ASSISTANCE!
STOP THEM, FELLOWS, THEY'RE SPIES!
SPIES, EH? IT'S A PLEASURE WONDER BOY!
LOOK! I'VE GOT THE PLANS!
HELP!
AS THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS ARE ROUNDED UP, WONDER BOY DISAPPEARS AND SECONDS LATER, HE SHOVES HIS WAY THROUGH THE HURRYING CROWD...
YES.. A PACK OF SPIES..
THEY CAUGHT 'EM ALL!
OH, WONDER BOY!
!
I'VE BEEN SO STUPID! YOU WERE SO RIGHT ABOUT THAT COUNT.. HE WAS NOTHING BUT A SPY..
A SPY?! TCH, TCH!
ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED STORY OF WONDER BOY IN THE NEXT BOMBER Comics!

Kid Patrol
BY DAN WILSON
WE CAN ONLY AFFORD TO RENT ONE OF YOUR BOATS FOR A HALF HOUR, MISTER. I HOPE WE GET A GOOD HAUL!
DRIVE, OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, TO THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER, KIDS! THERE SHOULD BE LOTS OF FISH THERE!
PUFF, PUFF.. HERE WE GO!
HOT DAWG! DIS AM DAH LIFE, SHO' ENOUGH!
O.K. HERE WE ARE!

UGH! THESE WORMS FEEL AWFUL!
AH'M ALL SET, AND IF YOU FOLKS WILL PAHDON ME, AH'S GOIN' TO JUS' NAP FO' A WHILE!
HEY, KIDS!
YIPEE! TEDDY'S GOT A BITE!
G... GOSH... IT'S KIND OF SMALL THOUGH, HUH??
SURE IT'S SMALL, BUT MAYBE IT'S A TROUT!
SUMTHIN' TELLS ME THAT AIN'T NO TROUT, BUT I BET I'LL GET THE NEXT CATCH!
YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS, PORKY!
OH, STOP ARGUING, EVEN THE FISH CAN HEAR YOU!
WAAL, AH AIN'T NO FISH BUT AH SHO' CAN HEAH! QUIET, PLEASE!

THIS AIN'T SUCH A BAD LIFE, BUT I'M GETTIN' HUNGRY!
LOOK! SUNSHINE'S GOT A BITE!
WE CAN'T HAUL IT UP, SUNSHINE! GOSH! IT'S PROBABLY A WHALE!
HALP, HALP! OH, MAH POOR TOE!
JEEPERS!
HOLY CATS! IT'S A BIG IRON BOX!
A WHAT?
MAYBE IT'S A HIDDEN TREASURE!
SHUT MAH MOUTH, AH'S RICH AT LAST!
AW, IT'S PROBABLY EMPTY!
NAW, IT'S TOO HEAVY!
WELL, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! GIVE ME A HAND, PORKY!
NOW WHAT CAN DAT BE?!


AFTER MUCH EFFORT BUT NO RESULTS . . .
I THINK IT'S GIVING A LITTLE NOW! WE'LL ALL PULL THE COVER TOGETHER!
AH IS REGUSTED, NOT TO MENTION SLEEPY!
IT'S OPEN!
MONEY!
IT'S A FORTUNE!
WE'RE TAKING THIS TO THE POLICE STATION!
MAYBE IT'S COUNTER-FEIT!
SOMEHOW AH FEELS A COLD, EVIL BREATH ON MY NECK!
DON'T BE SILLY, SUNSHINE!
SOON, ON SHORE . . .
PORKY, YOU AND SUN-SHINE ARE TOO SLOW. TEDDY AND I WILL RUN TO THE POLICE STATION AND MEET YOU LATER!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, SUZY!
O.K.!
WE'D BETTER RUN!
MEANWHILE, THE OWNER OF THE BOAT HAS TWO NEW CUSTOMERS . . .
WE WANT TO RENT ONE OF YOUR BOATS, POP!
CERTAINLY!

DIS IS DA SPOT! DA WATER IS SO LOW HERE, DA BOTTOM SHOWS. WE'LL HAVE DAT BOX IN A MINUTE NOW!
DERE'S DA MARKER!
WHAT TH'? DA SWAG'S GONE!
WE'D BETTER HAVE A CHAT WID DAT BOAT MAN!
BEST I CAN 'MEMBER, SOME KIDS LEFT HERE A SHORT TIME BACK. THEY WAS CARRYIN' A BOX LIKE YOU SEZ. THEY WENT THAT WAY!
YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT, PAL!
MEANWHILE
OOOH! MAH POOR TOE. AH STUBBED IT 'MOST IN HALF!
HERE, SUNSHINE, USE THIS PIECE OF MY SHIRT FOR A BANDAGE!
DERE'S DA BRATS WID OUR BOX!
DOES IT STILL HURT, SUNSHINE?
SHO 'NOUGH!
JUST A MINUTE, YOUSE BRATS! WHERE YA GOIN' WID DAT BOX, EH?!

AFTER YANKING PORKY AND SUNSHINE INTO AN OLD SHACK ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, THE THUGS GO TO WORK ON THE BOX.. BUT...
WHA'..WHAT HAPPENED? FISH?
A COUPLE OF SMART KIDS, EH? WHAT DID YA DO WID DA CASH, EH?
GULP!
COME ON, TALK!
MEANWHILE, LET'S TAKE A LOOK INTO THE POLICE STATION...
WHY, THIS IS THE HOT CASH FROM THE BARTI GANG STICKUP! YOU FOUND IT IN AN OLD BOX, EH? WELL, WHERE'S THE BOX?
WELL, THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU!
HEY, SUZY, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY THROW US IN JAIL!
I..I FEEL LIKE A JAILBIRD!
NEVER MIND THAT. LET'S CATCH UP WITH SUNSHINE AND PORKY!
SOON...
LISTEN! IT'S THE KIDS YELLING FROM THAT OLD SHACK!
THEY'RE IN TROUBLE, TOO!
HELP!
FER DA LAST TIME, ARE YOUSE GONNA TALK?
LET'S MUSS 'EM UP, CHIEF!
AH CAN'T, MISTAH, YOU-ALL AM CHOKING ME!
GOSH!
O..O..OH!
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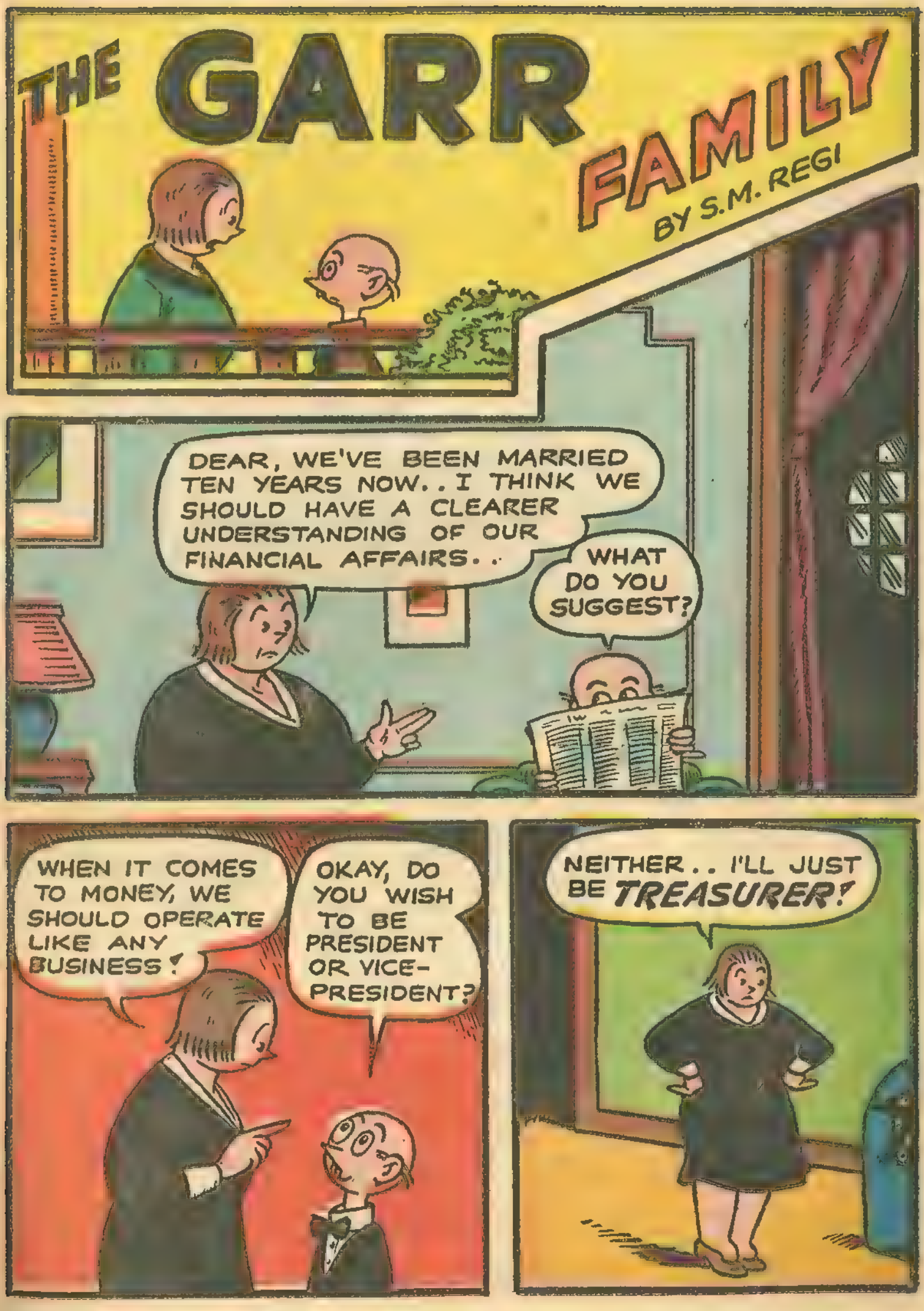
Q.. QUICK, THE FISHING TACKLE.. WE'LL USE THAT!
A GOOD IDEA, SUZY!
WHAT TH'!
LET GO OF OUR BUDDIES, YOU THUGS!
RUN LIKE YO' NEVAH RAN BEFO' TEDDY!
HEY!
STOP!
THEY WAS GOIN' TO KILL US!
HELP! I CAN'T MOVE!
WHATTA YA THINK I'M DOIN', DANCIN'?
NOW DO SOMETHING, WISE GUYS!
IF YOU MOVE, I'LL..
GLAD TO SEE YOU, OFFICER! WE'VE JUST ROUNDED UP THE BARTI GANG!
CURSE THOSE KIDS!
LATER...
WE WANT THE SAME BOAT FOR THE SAME HOUR FOR A MONTH, AN' WITH THE REST OF OUR REWARD MONEY WE'RE BUYIN' BONDS!
WAAL, I'LL BE! YER A FINE BUNCH OF SMART KIDS, ALL RIGHT!
THE KID PATROL IN ANOTHER FUN-FEST IN THE NEXT BOMBER COMICS!


THE GARR FAMILY
BY S.M. REGI
DEAR, WE'VE BEEN MARRIED TEN YEARS NOW.. I THINK WE SHOULD HAVE A CLEARER UNDERSTANDING OF OUR FINANCIAL AFFAIRS..
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?
WHEN IT COMES TO MONEY, WE SHOULD OPERATE LIKE ANY BUSINESS!
OKAY, DO YOU WISH TO BE PRESIDENT OR VICE-PRESIDENT?
NEITHER.. I'LL JUST BE TREASURER!

EAGLE EVANS

Sky Fighter

BY BOB ALEXANDER

HEY, EVANS.. WAIT! TAKE SERGEANT GLEASON ABOARD! A MIDGET JAP SUBMARINE TORPEDOED ONE OF OUR TRANSPORTS NEAR KABANG ISLAND. THEY NEED BLOOD PLASMA IN A HURRY!
O.K., SARGE, HOP IN! I'LL GET YOU AND THAT PLASMA TO KABANG IN A HURRY. AS LONG AS I HAVE MY LUCKY FLAG.. NOTHING CAN STOP US!
WERE MANY OF OUR MEN INJURED, SERGEANT?
I'M AFRAID SO.. BUT LET'S DROP THE FORMALITY, MY NAME'S GRACE.
GOLLY, GRACE, I'D GIVE MY SHIRT TO DISCOVER WHERE THAT SECRET JAPANESE SUB BASE IS LOCATED. THEY'VE TAKEN A TERRIBLE TOLL OF MEN AND SHIPS!

WOW! HERE COMES A SQUADRON OF NIP PLANES!
YEAH.. LOOKS BAD, DOESN'T IT?
THEY'RE CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL!
THIS WILL FINISH CONTEMPTIBLE AMERICAN PLANE!
BOOM!
WHAT'LL WE DO, EVANS?
FIRST WE'LL GIVE THAT BLASTED NIP A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!
SUDDENLY...
STUPID AMERICAN.. IT IS USELESS TO FIGHT BACK!
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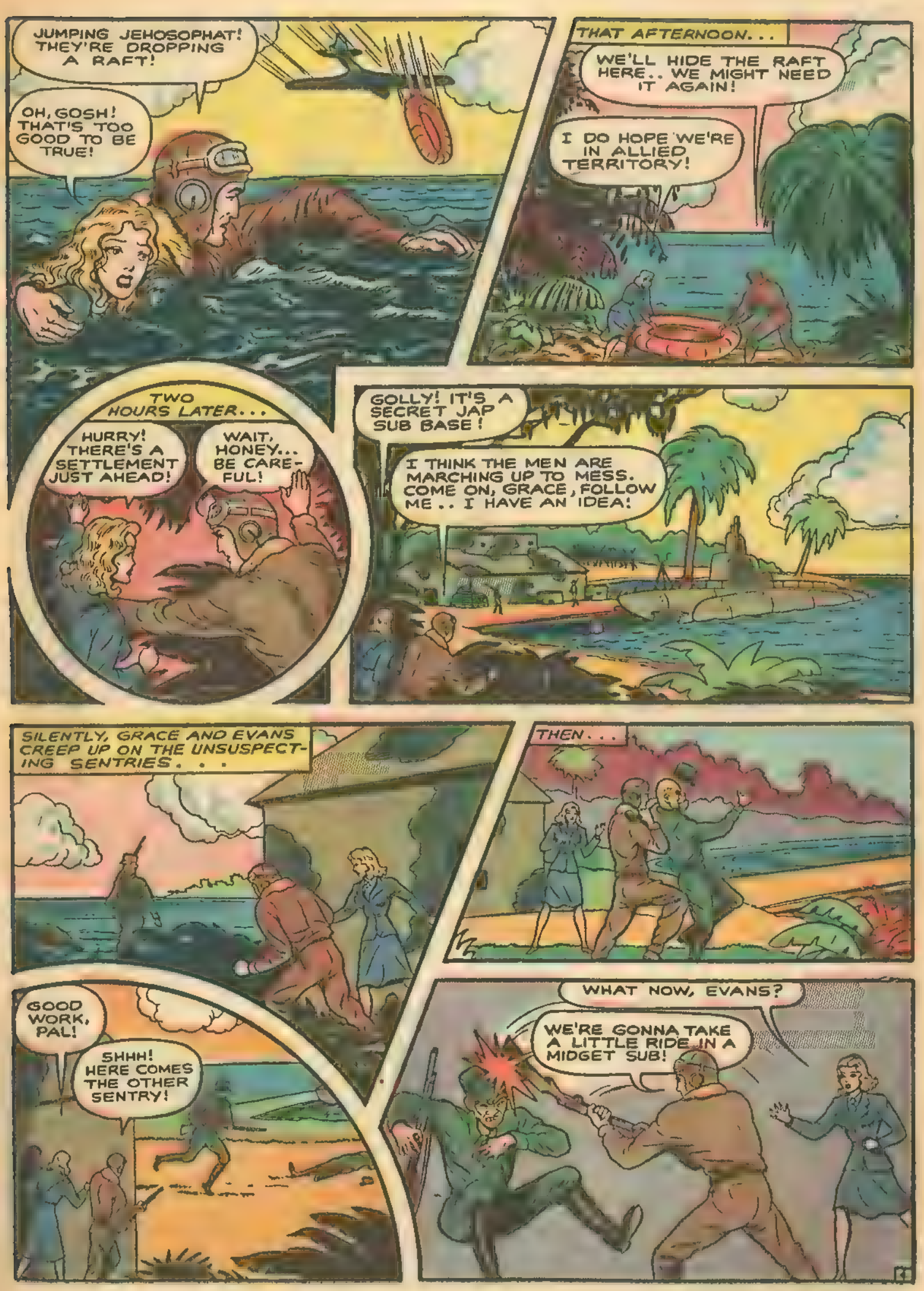
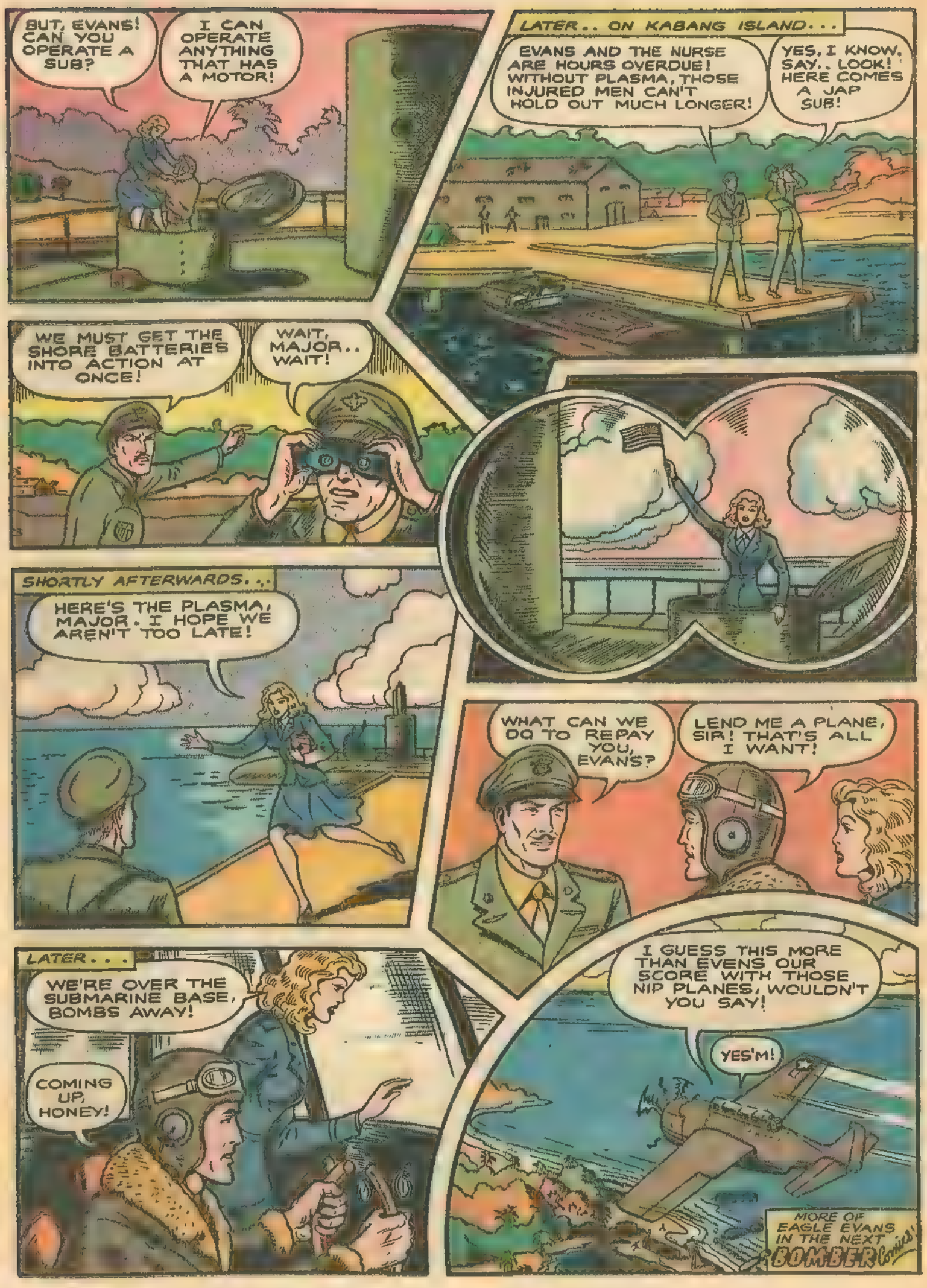
BUT THEN...
YOU GOT HIM, SOLDIER! YOU GOT HIM!
I KNOW.. AND NOW WE'D BETTER SCRAM!
DON'T BE AFRAID, GRACE.. WE'LL BE O.K.!
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, EVANS.. I CAN TAKE IT!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...
THOSE ZEROS SURE TURNED TAIL IN A HURRY WHEN THEY SAW US!
UH HUH! I WONDER WHY? MAYBE... SAY! LOOK DOWN THERE!
HOLY COW! THERE'S A GIRL AND ONE OF OUR MEN IN TROUBLE!
IT'S NO USE, EVANS! I-I-I'M EXHAUSTED. GO ON WITHOUT ME!
TAKE IT EASY, HONEY. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. I...


JUMPING JEHOSOPHAT! THEY'RE DROPPING A RAFT!
OH, GOSH! THAT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
THAT AFTERNOON...
WE'LL HIDE THE RAFT HERE.. WE MIGHT NEED IT AGAIN!
I DO HOPE WE'RE IN ALLIED TERRITORY!
TWO HOURS LATER...
HURRY! THERE'S A SETTLEMENT JUST AHEAD!
WAIT, HONEY... BE CARE-FUL!
GOLLY! IT'S A SECRET JAP SUB BASE!
I THINK THE MEN ARE MARCHING UP TO MESS. COME ON, GRACE, FOLLOW ME.. I HAVE AN IDEA!
SILENTLY, GRACE AND EVANS CREEP UP ON THE UNSUSPECT-ING SENTRIES...
THEN...
GOOD WORK, PAL!
SHHH! HERE COMES THE OTHER SENTRY!
WHAT NOW, EVANS?
WE'RE GONNA TAKE A LITTLE RIDE IN A MIDGET SUB!


BUT, EVANS! CAN YOU OPERATE A SUB?
I CAN OPERATE ANYTHING THAT HAS A MOTOR!
LATER.. ON KABANG ISLAND...
EVANS AND THE NURSE ARE HOURS OVERDUE! WITHOUT PLASMA, THOSE INJURED MEN CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!
YES, I KNOW. SAY.. LOOK! HERE COMES A JAP SUB!
WE MUST GET THE SHORE BATTERIES INTO ACTION AT ONCE!
WAIT, MAJOR.. WAIT!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...
HERE'S THE PLASMA, MAJOR. I HOPE WE AREN'T TOO LATE!
WHAT CAN WE DO TO REPAY YOU, EVANS?
LEND ME A PLANE, SIR! THAT'S ALL I WANT!
LATER...
WE'RE OVER THE SUBMARINE BASE, BOMBS AWAY!
COMING UP, HONEY!
I GUESS THIS MORE THAN EVENS OUR SCORE WITH THOSE NIP PLANES, WOULDN'T YOU SAY!
YES'M!
MORE OF EAGLE EVANS IN THE NEXT BOMBER Comics!

PEE WEE
BY S. M. ICER
HOW TO MAKE MONEY.
NO FAVORITES, SOPHIE! IT'LL COST YOU ONE PENNY TO SLIDE DOWN.
WHE-EEE!
NOT A BAD MORNING'S WORK, EH, ARCHIE? COME ON, BIG BOY, WE SPLURGE!
JINGLE JINGLE
TSK, TSK! WOT NEXT?
SLURP! SLURP!
WELL, ARCHIE, THE MONEY'S ALL GONE.. YOU WAIT THERE 'TIL I ROUND UP THE GANG AGAIN!
COME ON, FELLAS! FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED!
WHY DO MOMS DO SUCH THINGS?

BOMBER COMMAND

BY TOM SCOTT

HE WALKED slowly the length of the strange field, taking in the sights. In the huge, barn-like hangars, mechanics sweated over the bombers. Out on the field, the hot Australian midday sun baked cement runways, causing heat-waves to rise to the tops of the hastily constructed barracks.

Bomber Command! He spat disgustedly. He was disgusted. All right, maybe they had transferred him because his flight leader squawked. So what? What right had the flight leader to squawk when he, Lt. Nick Brody, had brought down more planes than any two of the other pilots in the flight! So what if he hadn't followed the maneuvers as he was told? All that business was the bunk. "Cooperate with your fellow pilots," they told him. Bunk again. When you got up in the air it was every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

He knew plenty about flying. His father was, had been before they relieved him of active duty, Captain Nicholas Brody. In the last war, Old Nick, himself, to the Jerries, bringing down 37 planes in the last six months of the war. He had taught young Nick flying from the ground up. It was as natural with him as walking. That last war must have been the business all right, Nick thought. They weren't constantly drumming it into your head, teamwork, cooperation, and special flight maneuvers. In the sky it was man against man, plane against plane, gun against gun, and if you didn't have what it takes all the teamwork in the world wouldn't save you for very long.

Nick didn't waste time letting his bomber crew know how he felt. Naturally, they resented it. But he was their superior officer, wasn't he?

After a few practise flights to familiarize himself with the new-type plane, he was called for a bombing mission.

They took off in the grey dusk. He circled the field once, waiting for the last plane. Then they were in close formation, shooting out, over the Australian coast, heading for New Guinea. The night was silent. Miles below, the calm waters were unruffled by the slightest breeze.

He looked back. Far overhead the fighter escort circled lazily. He wished that he were up there with them instead of crawling along in this overgrown elephant.

The big ship flew easily, without effort, and he grew restless at the controls. It was like floating along in a dirigible, not the kind of flying he knew. He yawned.

The navigator kept calling up corrections on course and he shifted the plane haphazardly to conform. Suddenly the navigator barked, "Jap planes to the right and overhead, sir."

Nick looked up. The fighter pilots were breaking formation and going after them. He wanted to swing his ship out and go after the Japs too. The navigator must have sensed it. "Keep right on course, sir. Fighter escort will drive them off."

Grimly, Nick set the controls, forging ahead, leaving the battle behind. He'd really get court-martialed if he *ever* started chasing Japs in a bomber.

They finally reached their objective and started the run-in. The bombardier twisted the dial on his bombsight, relaying flight instructions to Nick.

The night became alive with sound and fury. Jap anti-aircraft dotted the sky with exploding shells. Some of the bombers had already made their runs and their targets raised thousand foot high columns of flame, smoke, and debris into

the blue-black night. Flames spread rapidly across the ground, transforming the area into a field of twisting red and yellow tongues. Searchlight beams wove an eerie cross-hatch design across the heavens.

Bombs away! They circled, setting their ship for the return trip. Suddenly the plane lurched under him, tilting to a crazy angle. "Wing tip shot away. Anti-aircraft." The navigator was barking into the inter-phone.

He looked out, five or six feet missing at the end of the left wing. He leveled the craft, climbed slowly out of range of the anti-aircraft.

The crippled craft could not keep up with the bomber flight, so he lagged behind, putting as much distance as he could between the Japs and himself without overstraining the crippled wing.

A few miles off the New Guinea coast he spotted Jap planes, fighter craft, approaching rapidly. Nick put the weakened plane into a dangerously steep climb, trying to rise into the high-flying clouds.

Then the Japs were swinging up after him. His own tail-gunner was shooting back at them. He looked back to see one of the Jap planes crumple in the hail of lead, its wing curling back and the motor dead.

Then he was leveling off, trying to make a run for it. He saw strips of fabric peeling back from the broken wing under the added strain.

Behind him the bombardier and the navigator jumped from gun to gun, trying to keep the Zeros at their distance.

A hail of lead raked the plane as a Jap zoomed over. A rain of slugs whistled through the cockpit, shattering the instrument board.

He looked back to see the navigator leaning over the collapsed body of the bombardier. The navigator was cursing savagely. "They got him, sir," he told Nick.

The Japs were coming in again and Nick set the automatic controls while he used one of the guns. He had the satisfaction of seeing one of the grinning Japs suddenly jet blood and shrivel into his seat.

Then he had to get back to the controls. The last thing he remembered was spotting a flight of American fighters in the distance, coming back to guide him in. A Nipponese plane was in a blazing dive and he was trying to dodge the concerted attack of three Zeros all at once. Then a sledge-hammer struck him on the forehead and he fell into a dream of crazily spinning pinwheels and skyrockets.

The navigator was sitting next to him, flying the plane. "You sort of conked out, sir," he said. "Bullet creased your skull."

Nick put one hand to his throbbing forehead, felt the crude bandage covering his wound. "We're over the base now, sir. Be landing in a jiffy."

Nick watched as the navigator gently lowered the crippled ship to the field, glided down the runway. "Lucky thing those fighter pilots came along when they did," Nick said.

"Oh, you can always rely on them in a pinch, sir," the navigator said. "Now you'd better let the doc have a good look at that wound."

He brushed aside offers of assistance from the crew and the greasemonkies, walked slowly, alone, the length of the field. In one of the hangars, mechanics were preparing to work on his damaged bomber. The morning sun, spilling long shadows across the field, was already beginning to drive away the chill of the Australian night.

Bomber Command! He looked around admiringly at the team work precision with which the work was carried out. A bomber crew is really a little family, each member doing his own job for the good of the whole bunch.

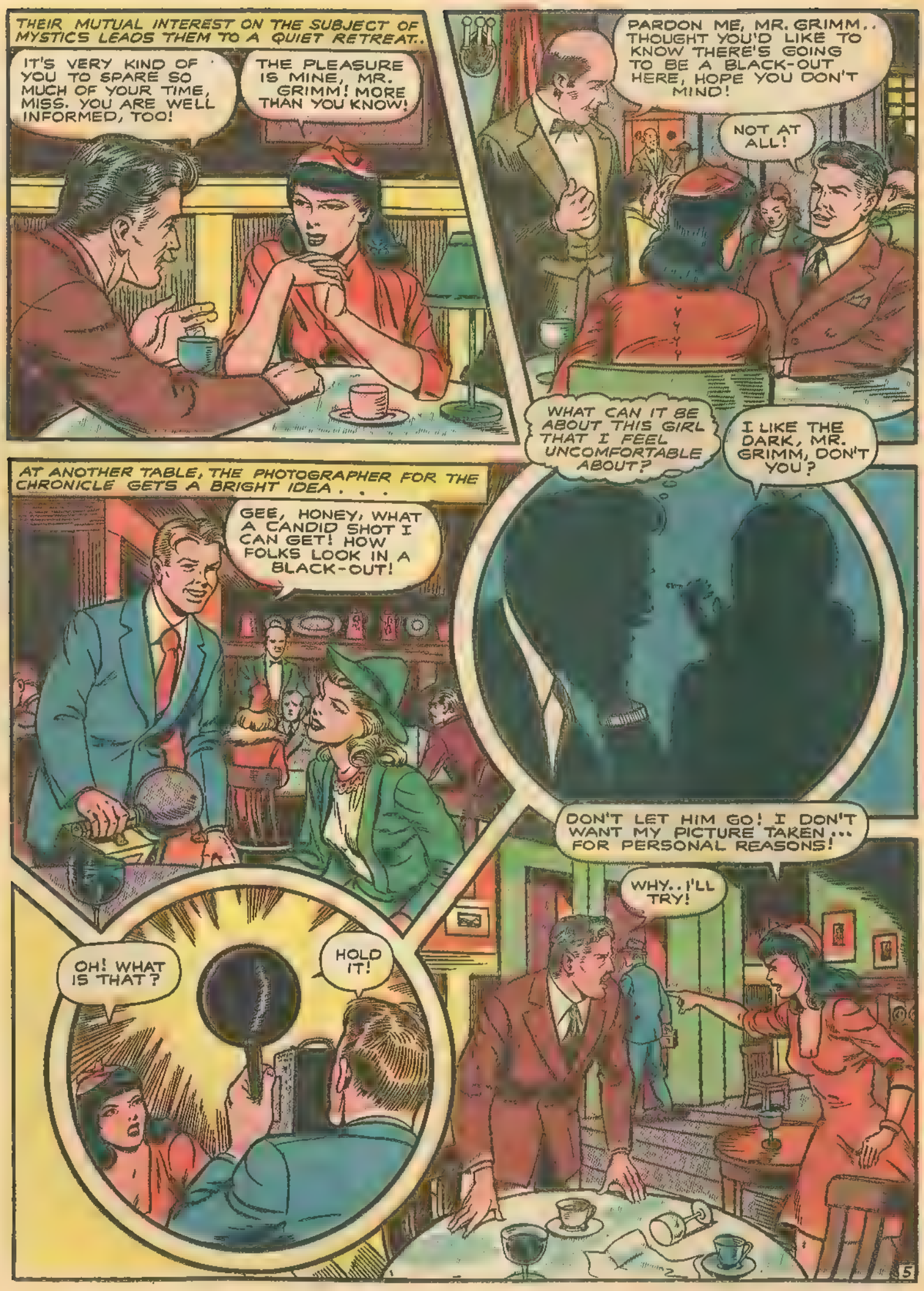
Yes, sir, this war was a different story. His father was right about the last war, but the air force is a lot bigger now, and a lot better . . . and it's going to stay that way because of teamwork.

GRIMM
GHOST DOCTOR
BY DON WEAVER
EDITORS NOTE:
THE FOLLOWING EXPERIENCE IS TAKEN FROM THE EXCITING PERSONAL FILES OF GRIMM,
GHOST DOCTOR... YOU WILL CRINGE IN DISCOMFORT... SHUDDER WITH HORROR... THE REASON? AH... DISCOVER THAT FOR YOURSELF... READ ON...
MIDNIGHT SLIPS QUIETLY INTO THAT ROOM OF ETERNAL SILENCE.. THE BASEMENT MORGUE OF AN UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT...
FEMALE JAPANESE UNKNOWN
OOPS! WHAT'S THAT! TEN YEARS A CARE-TAKER IN THIS JOINT AN' I STILL GET NERVOUS!
WHAT THE..? A GHOST.. HEY! HELP-HELP!
FOOL! NOT ALL JAPANESE DIE!

HURRY, OPERATOR! CONNECT ME WITH MR. GRIMM! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND D-D-DEATH!
BLIND IDIOTS! THEY CANNOT SEE ME! SOON JAPAN WILL STRIKE AGAIN AND THEN THEY SHALL KNOW I DID NOT RETURN IN VAIN!
LATER, SHE ARRIVES AT HER STRANGE DESTINATION. THE ELABORATE OFFICE OF THE EMINENT DOCTOR CARTER, FAMED PLASTIC SURGEON. . .
AH! THE BUSY DOCTOR ATTENDS HIS DUTIES LONG INTO THE NIGHT! GOOD EVENING, AMBITIOUS-ONE!
I HAVE SOME IMPORTANT WORK FOR YOU TO DO, DOCTOR!
IMPOSSIBLE! I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD. I- I'M DREAMING!
NO. . YOU DO NOT DREAM! WATCH CAREFULLY. . I TAKE A SMALL INNOCENT LOOKING VIAL FROM MY SLEEVE. . .
DO NOT LET YOUR AMAZED EYES LEAVE MY FACE. . OBSERVE WHILE I DRINK THE CONTENTS. . .
W- WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

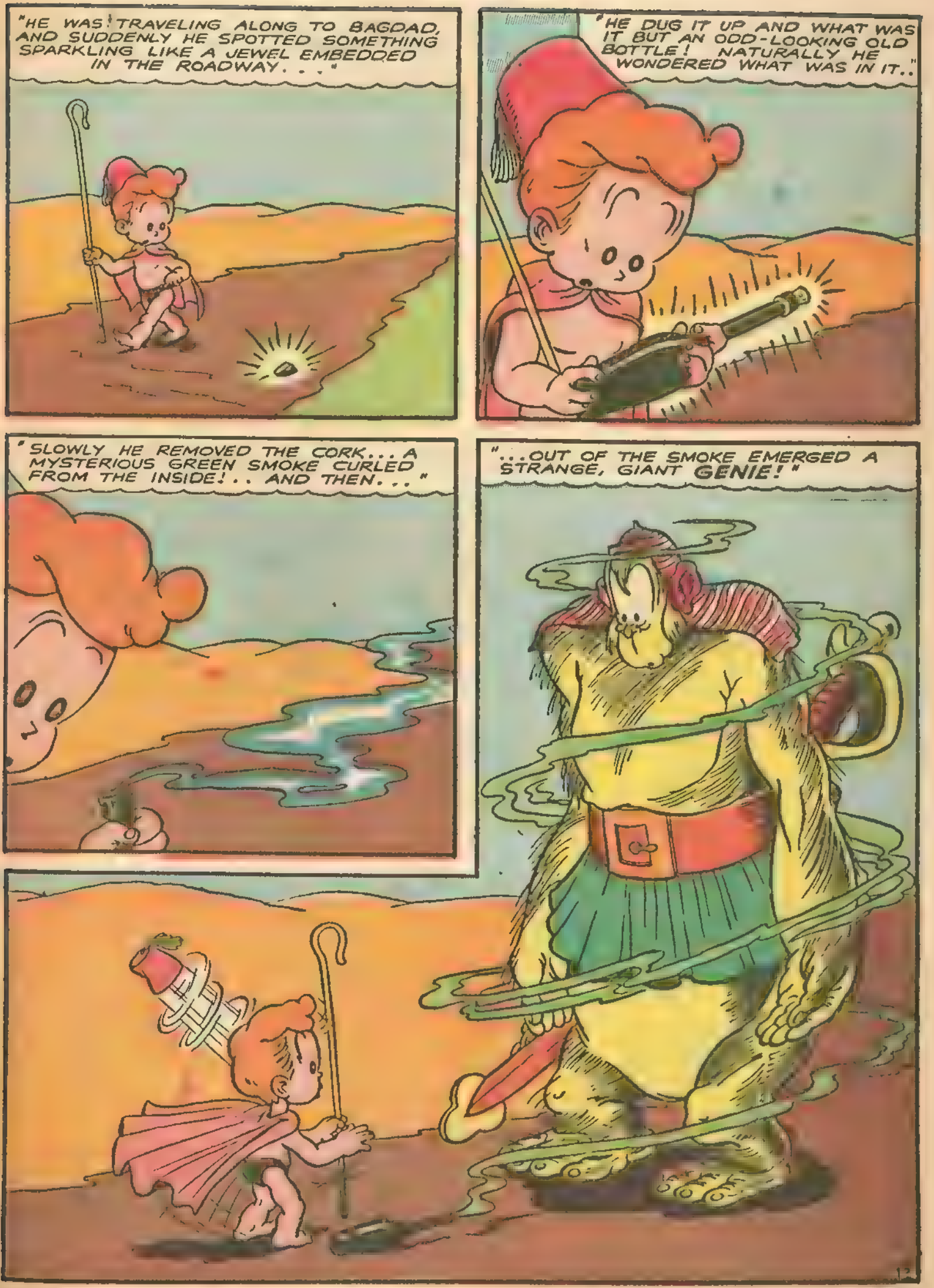
HA! YOU GASP IN SURPRISE. EH, DOCTOR! YES, I'M BECOMING NATURAL... NO LONGER A GHOST!!
I DO NOT JOKE, FOOL! PERHAPS THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT WOULD BE INTERESTED TO FIND OUT HOW YOU DESERTED GERMANY AND CAME HERE ON FORGED PAPERS...
WHAT MADNESS IS THIS? I DO NOT APPRECIATE YOUR HUMOR, MADAME!
YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT..I INTEND TO CLEAR THAT UP DIRECTLY AFTER THE WAR.. EVEN SOONER IF..
BAH! YOU'RE A WEAKLING! YOU WILL REGRET NOT CO-OPERATING WITH ME DOCTOR!
IT WILL TAKE THREE WEEKS TO KNOW IF THIS OPERATION IS SUCCESSFUL!
WAIT.. DON'T GO.. I'LL DO IT!
SLOWLY THE WEEKS PASS... THEN...
I DON'T REFLECT! I DIDN'T PLAN ON THIS, DOCTOR! IT WILL NEVER DO! NEVER!
THERE IS NOTHING MORE I CAN DO FOR YOU!
THAT NIGHT...
WHAT'S THIS?
PAPER, MR. GRIMM? DOCTOR CARTER COMMITS HARA-KIRI!
CHRONICLE
PLASTIC SURGEON COMMITS HARA-KIRI! DEATH WEAPON MYSTERIOUSLY MISSING FROM CORPSE.

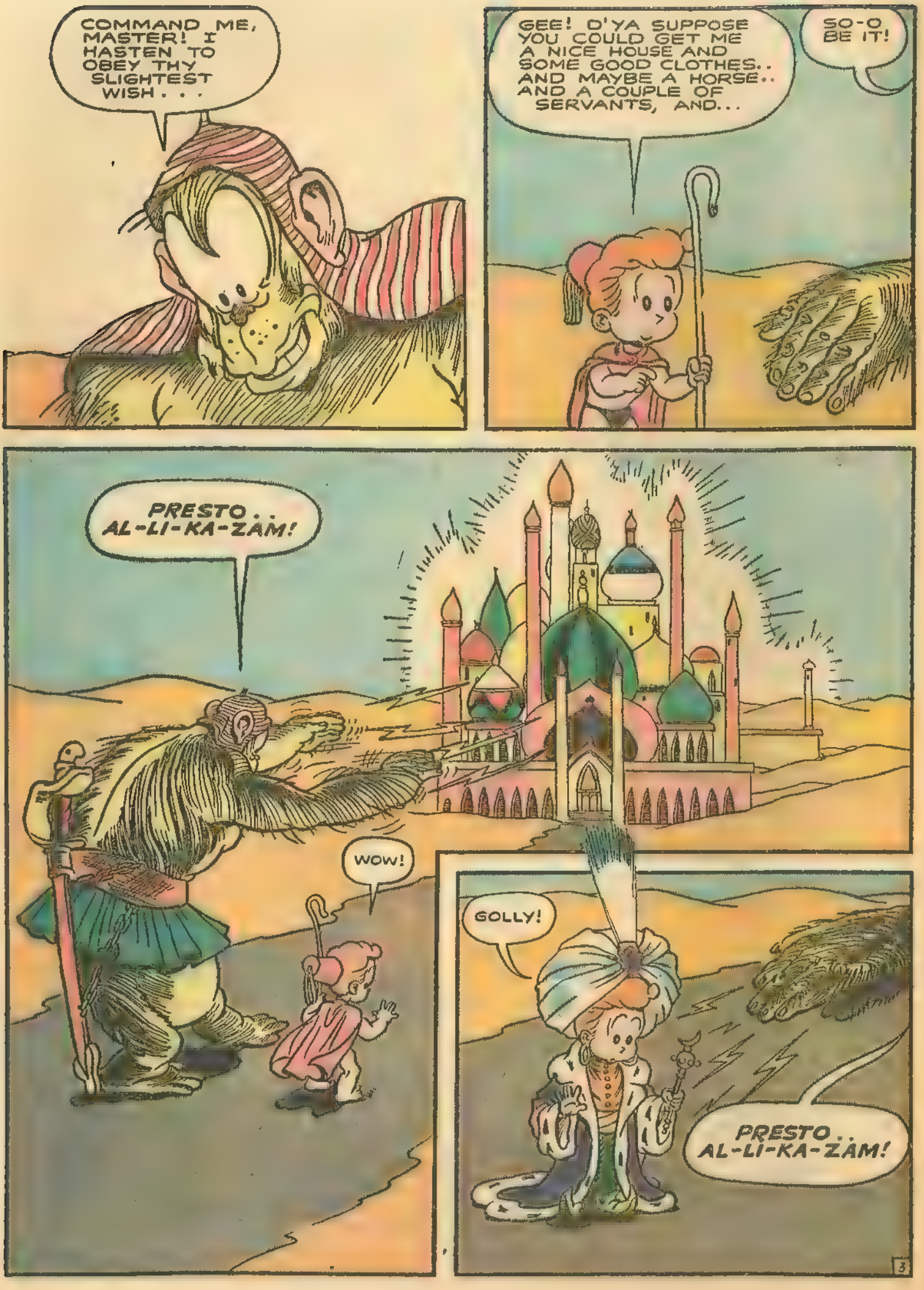
ANXIOUSLY, GRIMM HURRIES DOWN THE STREET. . .
WHY DIDN'T I THINK TO LOOK AT THE DAGGER THAT WAS THROWN AT THE CARETAKER BEFORE THIS? SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THESE TWO EVENTS. . .
THINK, MAN! ARE YOU SURE YOU LOOKED EVERY POSSIBLE PLACE?
I LOOKED ALL OVER, MR. GRIMM, THAT DAGGER JUST AIN'T HERE!
DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED, BUT KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME.
I CERTAINLY WILL, MR. GRIMM. I AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE WITH NO GHOSTS!
THERE ARE A FEW THINGS ON MYSTICISM I'D BETTER CHECK.. PERHAPS I'M NOT ON THE RIGHT TRACK AT ALL. . .
BOOKS
BOOKS
ENTRANCE
GRIMM, THE GHOST DOCTOR! THIS IS BETTER THAN I EXPECTED!
GOOD EVENING, SIR!
HMM.. NEW CLERK! PRETTY, TOO!
GOOD EVENING, MISS!
I'M LOOKING FOR A BOOK ON JAPANESE MYSTICISM.. CAN YOU HELP ME?
THAT'S RIGHT IN MY DEPARTMENT, SIR! I'M INTERESTED IN THE SUBJECT MYSELF!


THEIR MUTUAL INTEREST ON THE SUBJECT OF MYSTICS LEADS THEM TO A QUIET RETREAT..
IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO SPARE SO MUCH OF YOUR TIME, MISS. YOU ARE WELL INFORMED, TOO!
THE PLEASURE IS MINE, MR. GRIMM! MORE THAN YOU KNOW!
PARDON ME, MR. GRIMM.. THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THERE'S GOING TO BE A BLACK-OUT HERE, HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!
NOT AT ALL!
WHAT CAN IT BE ABOUT THIS GIRL THAT I FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE ABOUT?
I LIKE THE DARK, MR. GRIMM, DON'T YOU?
AT ANOTHER TABLE, THE PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE CHRONICLE GETS A BRIGHT IDEA . . .
GEE, HONEY, WHAT A CANDID SHOT I CAN GET! HOW FOLKS LOOK IN A BLACK-OUT!
DON'T LET HIM GO! I DON'T WANT MY PICTURE TAKEN... FOR PERSONAL REASONS!
WHY.. I'LL TRY!
OH! WHAT IS THAT?
HOLD IT!
5

JUST A MINUTE, OLD BOY! THE LADY DOESN'T WANT YOU TO HAVE THAT PICTURE...
OH, OH! I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THIS!
GET HIM!
SORRY, FOLKS! THAT SHOT WAS TOO GOOD! MY PAPER'LL LOVE IT!
GIVE IT TO ME! DO YOU HEAR! GIVE...
NO USE ARGUING.. NEWSPAPER MEN ARE LIKE THAT...
SUDDENLY..
JUST A MINUTE!
FURIOUSLY, THE GIRL PUSHES GRIMM ASIDE.. BY CHANCE HIS DISINTERGRATOR SLIPS FROM HIS POCKET...
AND IT'S POWER TURNED ON THE GIRL.. TAKES EFFECT!
HELP!
YOU DOG!
THE LITTLE FOOL! SHE PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!
DIRTY AMERICAN!
QUICKLY, THE GIRL LOSES HER MORTAL FORM AND HER GHOSTLY REMAINS MELT INTO OBLIVION.
LATER.. IN A DARK ROOM...
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME IS TRUE! THAT GIRL DIDN'T REGISTER ON THIS PLATE!
SHE WAS CLEVER, BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH! PITY OUR PACIFIC TROOP MOVEMENTS IF SHE HAD BEEN AT LARGE MUCH LONGER!
SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, EH! GRIMM, THE GHOST DOCTOR WILL PROVE YOU'RE WRONG IN HIS NEXT SPINE-CHILLING ADVENTURE IN BOMBER Comics!

BOBBY
BY
S. M. Iger
WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING IN THAT BOTTLE, CAP'N PATCH?
WAIT! BOBBY! OPENIN' THAT BOTTLE MAY NOT BE SUCH A GOOD IDEA!
WHY?
I KNEW A LAD THAT OPENED A BOTTLE ONCE... T'WAS IN THE OLD DAYS, OUT IN THE FAR EAST...

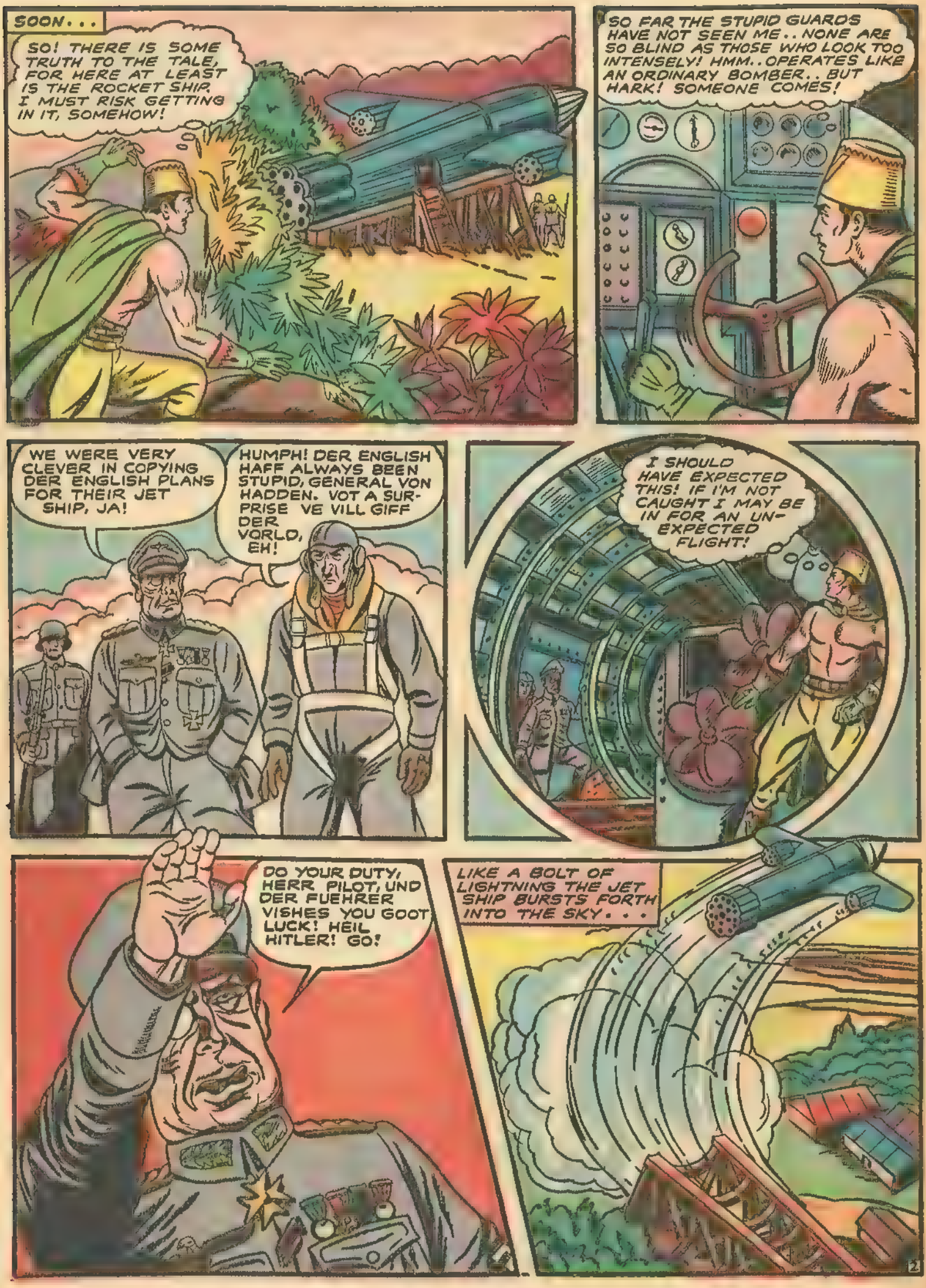

"HE WAS TRAVELING ALONG TO BAGDAD, AND SUDDENLY HE SPOTTED SOMETHING SPARKLING LIKE A JEWEL EMBEDDED IN THE ROADWAY. . ."
"HE DUG IT UP AND WHAT WAS IT BUT AN ODD-LOOKING OLD BOTTLE! NATURALLY HE WONDERED WHAT WAS IN IT.."
"SLOWLY HE REMOVED THE CORK... A MYSTERIOUS GREEN SMOKE CURLED FROM THE INSIDE!.. AND THEN..."
"...OUT OF THE SMOKE EMERGED A STRANGE, GIANT GENIE!"


COMMAND ME, MASTER! I HASTEN TO OBEY THY SLIGHTEST WISH . . .
GEE! D'YA SUPPOSE YOU COULD GET ME A NICE HOUSE AND SOME GOOD CLOTHES.. AND MAYBE A HORSE.. AND A COUPLE OF SERVANTS, AND...
SO-O BE IT!
PRESTO.. AL-LI-KA-ZAM!
WOW!
GOLLY!
PRESTO.. AL-LI-KA-ZAM!
3

G-GOSH! IS THIS REALLY ME?
BY MAHOMET, I CAN'T LEAVE THE PALACE FOR TWO MINUTES WITHOUT AN IMPOSTER TAKING MY PLACE! SEIZE HIM!
?
WE WILL CHOP HIM TO BITS, SIRE!
HOLY SMOKE, WHERE'S THAT OLD GENIE?
YOU HAVE MET YOUR FATE, IMPOSTER!
I AM HERE, OH LITTLE ONE! LAY DOWN ALL WEAPONS!
RUN, YOU FOOLS! IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!
HELP!
DID YOU SEE IT?
NOW, LITTLE ONE, WE WILL LAY PLANS! WITH YOU ON THE THRONE, AND ME, THE POWER BEHIND YOU, WE WILL RULE THE WORLD!
Y-YES, SIR!
G-GOSH, I DON'T LIKE THIS SET-UP! I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS...
WELL, GENIE, OLD PAL, SEEMS TO ME WE'LL HAVE TO OUTWIT THE SULTAN AND HIS GANG! RIGHT?
RIGHT!
4

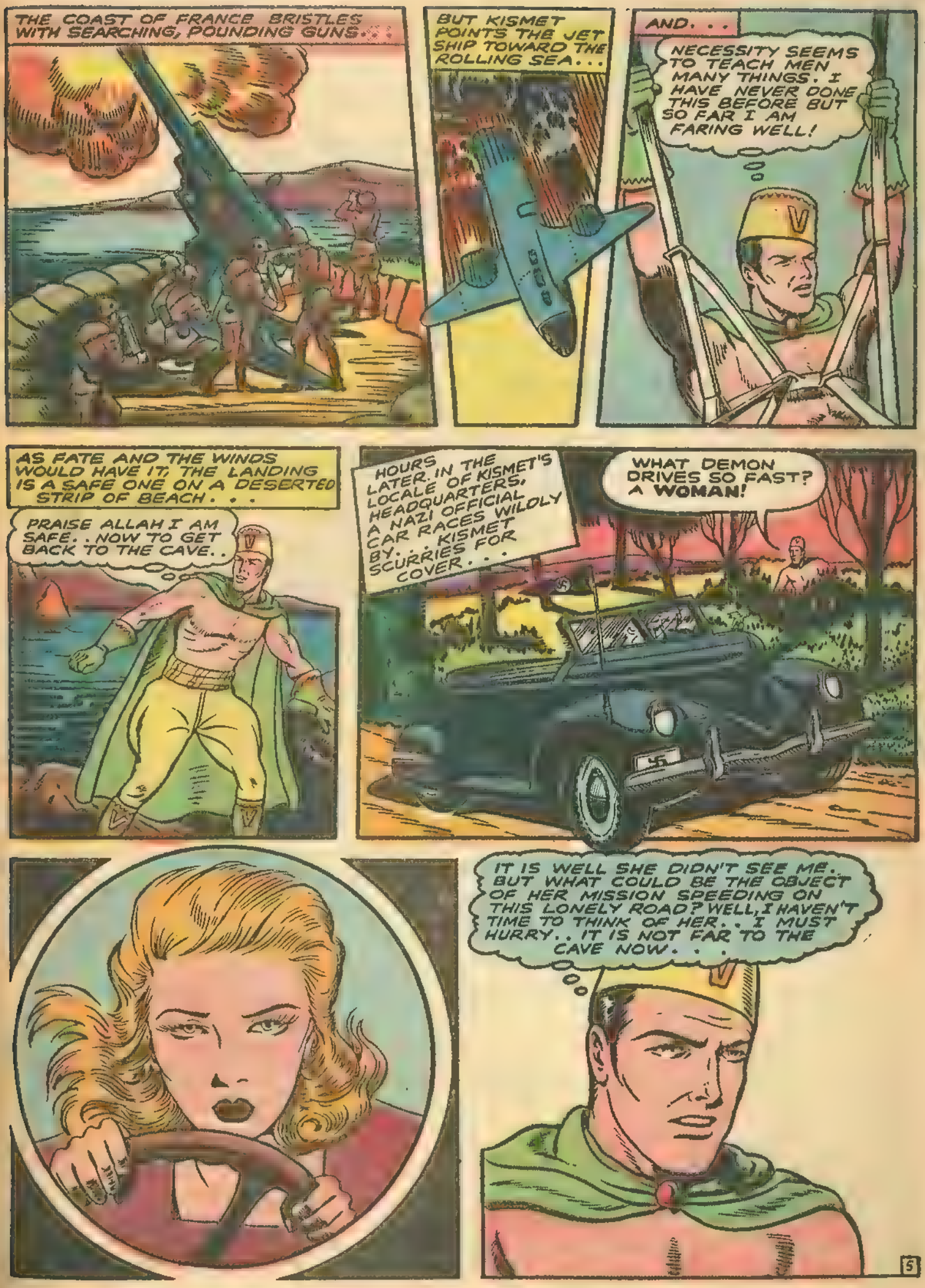
THEY WON'T COME OUT OF HIDING WITH YOU AROUND. SO I THINK YOU OUGHTA DISAPPEAR! IT WILL THROW 'EM OFF GUARD!
YOU SPEAK WISELY, LITTLE ONE. WHERE DO YOU SUGGEST I HIDE?
HOW ABOUT IN A BOTTLE AGAIN!! THE WAY YOU WERE HIDING BEFORE I FOUND YOU!
HO! HO! HA! HA! SOME FUN, EH?
HEH! HEH! YEAH!
JEEPERS! IT WORKED!
TAP TAP
BY SOME ODD TWIST OF LUCK, THAT LITTLE BOY ACTUALLY BECAME A SULTAN! BUT...
GOSH!
FER ALL YE KNOW, BOBBY, THAT GENIE MAY STILL BE IN THE VERY BOTTLE YE HAVE IN YER HAND!
GEE WHIZZ! DO YOU THINK, MAYBE...
...SHUCKS! EMPTY!
POP
MORE ADVENTURES WITH BOBBY IN THE NEXT BOMBER Comics!

KISMET
MAN OF FATE
BY
OMAR TAHAN
SOMEWHERE IN THE DENSE FORESTS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE...
GREETINGS, MONSIEUR KISMET, I BRING NEWS FROM ZE UNDER-GROUND!
LET'S HEAR IT, JEAN!
THEY THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW OF A GERMAN ROCKET SHIP WHICH WILL LEAVE FRANCE TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT. IT WILL BE LOADED WITH BOMBS.. DESTINATION, NEW YORK!
WHERE DID THE UNDER-GROUND RECEIVE SUCH IMPORTANT NEWS, JEAN?
A THOUSAND PARDONS, MONSIEUR, BUT IT WOULD ENDANGER OUR INFORMER TO REVEAL HIM, YOU UNDERSTAND!
HE IS RIGHT, BUT IT COULD BE A NAZI TRICK TO TRAP ME!


SOON...
SO! THERE IS SOME TRUTH TO THE TALE, FOR HERE AT LEAST IS THE ROCKET SHIP. I MUST RISK GETTING IN IT, SOMEHOW!
SO FAR THE STUPID GUARDS HAVE NOT SEEN ME.. NONE ARE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO LOOK TOO INTENSELY! HMM..OPERATES LIKE AN ORDINARY BOMBER.. BUT HARK! SOMEONE COMES!
WE WERE VERY CLEVER IN COPYING DER ENGLISH PLANS FOR THEIR JET SHIP, JA!
HUMPH! DER ENGLISH HAFF ALWAYS BEEN STUPID, GENERAL VON HADDEN. VOT A SURPRISE VE VILL GIFF DER VORLD, EH!
I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THIS! IF I'M NOT CAUGHT I MAY BE IN FOR AN UNEXPECTED FLIGHT!
DO YOUR DUTY, HERR PILOT, UND DER FUEHRER VISHES YOU GOOT LUCK! HEIL HITLER! GO!
LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING THE JET SHIP BURSTS FORTH INTO THE SKY...

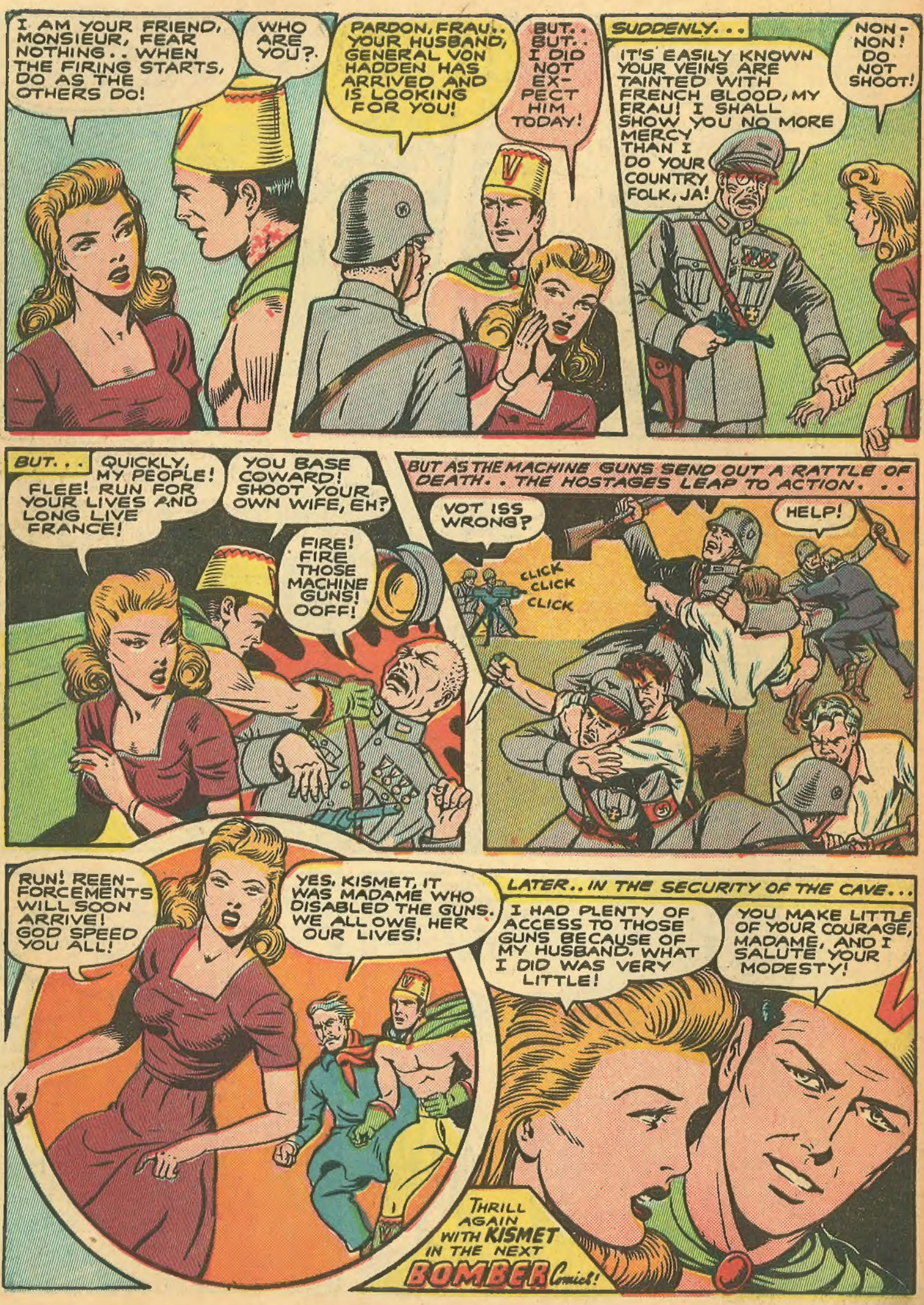
10,000 FEET OVER THE MID-ATLANTIC...
SUCH SPEED IS HARDLY CONCEIVABLE! WHEN HE FINISHES REPORTING ON THE WIRELESS TO HIS BASE, I WILL INTRODUCE MYSELF INFORMALLY TO HIM!
I VILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY FOR THIS! HMM, DER COFFEE IS WEAK... AS USUAL!
GREETINGS, ROCKETEER!
KISMET! HAFF SOME BOILING COFFEE, MY FRIEND!
PRAISE ALLAH I DIDN'T EXPECT SUCH A BANQUET, MY MAN!
SAVAGELY, THEY STRUGGLE TOWARD THE HATCH . . .
THERE ISS BUT ONE PARACHUTE! MINE! DER FUEHRER VILL GLADLY SACRIFICE DER JET SHIP.. IT ISS TO BE YOUR COFFIN, KISMET!
I HAVE ALWAYS REFRAINED FROM STRIKING A RUDE MAN THOUGH THE DESIRE WAS GREAT, BUT YOU'RE NOT A MAN.. YOU'RE A NAZI!
I HAVE NO DOUBTS THAT MY DEPARTURE FROM THIS PLANE WILL BE A HASTY ONE AND THIS WILL COME IN VERY HANDY!
3

THE FAMOUS NEW YORK SKYLINE IS ALREADY IN VIEW AS KISMET RELEASES THE DEADLY CARGO INTO THE SEA . . .
I MUST REMEMBER TO GIVE MY REGRETS TO THE FUEHRER FOR SPOILING HIS PLANS!
DESPERATELY HE TAKES OVER THE CONTROLS.
MAY THE PROPHET GUIDE MY INEXPERIENCED HANDS! IT TAKES GREAT WISDOM TO UNDERSTAND THESE SKY BIRDS!
OVER THE HEART OF THE METROPOLIS, KISMET BANKS AND THE JET SHIP RETRACES IT'S COURSE..
WHILE IN THE STREET BELOW, THE EXCITED CROWDS MILL ABOUT. . .
IT'S OKAY, RELAX, FOLKS!
FLASH! WE HAVE JUST WITNESSED THE AMAZING EXPERIMENT OF AN ENGLISH ROCKET SHIP. IT HAS FLOWN OVER NEW YORK AND IS NOW HEADED BACK FOR ENGLAND..STAND BY FOR NEWS FROM LONDON!
WHILE OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC..
NOW TO GET READY TO JUMP.. ALLAH GRANT THIS CONTRAPTION DOES NOT FAIL ME!
4


THE COAST OF FRANCE BRISTLES WITH SEARCHING, POUNDING GUNS...
BUT KISMET POINTS THE JET SHIP TOWARD THE ROLLING SEA...
AND...
NECESSITY SEEMS TO TEACH MEN MANY THINGS. I HAVE NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE BUT SO FAR I AM FARING WELL!
AS FATE AND THE WINDS WOULD HAVE IT, THE LANDING IS A SAFE ONE ON A DESERTED STRIP OF BEACH...
PRAISE ALLAH I AM SAFE..NOW TO GET BACK TO THE CAVE..
HOURS LATER. IN THE LOCALE OF KISMET'S HEADQUARTERS, A NAZI OFFICIAL CAR RACES WILDLY BY. KISMET SCURRIES FOR COVER...
WHAT DEMON DRIVES SO FAST? A WOMAN!
IT IS WELL SHE DIDN'T SEE ME. BUT WHAT COULD BE THE OBJECT OF HER MISSION SPEEDING ON THIS LONELY ROAD? WELL, I HAVEN'T TIME TO THINK OF HER.. I MUST HURRY.. IT IS NOT FAR TO THE CAVE NOW...

LATER...
AH, MONSIEUR, THANK HEAVENS YOU ARE BACK SAFELY.. THE UNDERGROUND HAS HEARD OF YOUR GOOD WORK..
YES, MY FRIEND, THERE WILL BE NO MORE ROCKET SHIPS UNTIL THE NAZIS HAVE TIME TO BUILD ANOTHER.
I FEAR, MONSIEUR, THAT YOU HAVE BEEN TOO SUCCESSFUL ALREADY.. THE NAZI SWINE ARE PREPARING TO MURDER ONE HUNDRED INNOCENT HOSTAGES.
AGAIN, I ASK YOU, MY FRIEND. WHAT IS THE SOURCE OF YOUR INFORMATION?
I REGRET, MONSIEUR, THAT I CANNOT ANSWER THAT. I WILL TRY TO FIND OUT WHERE THIS MASSACRE IS TO TAKE PLACE.. PERHAPS THERE WILL BE A CHANCE TO PREVEN IT.. PERHAPS!
SHORTLY AFTER THE UNDERGROUND AGENT LEAVES, KISMET MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY...
BY ALLAH.. A WOMAN'S FOOTPRINT! NO WOMAN HAS EVER ENTERED THIS CAVE TO MY KNOWLEDGE BEFORE!
AND JUST OUTSIDE THE CAVE...
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN.. NO, IMPOSSIBLE! SHE WAS A NAZI!
I THINK I HAD BETTER GO TO THE VILLAGE AND ASK THAT PEASANT A FEW QUESTIONS!
6

KISMET ARRIVES IN TIME TO SEE HIS FRIEND IN GRAVE DANGER . . NAZIS!
KISMET-KISMET! MON AMI!
GEDT HIM, KARL!
THE FOOL! WHY DOES HE BETRAY ME WITH HIS CALLS?
PUT YOUR GUN DOWN, NAZI. I AM NOT FOOL ENOUGH TO RESIST YOU NOW!
QUIET! SO IT ISS DER FAMOUS KISMET! VE DID NOT EXPECT SUCH A PRIZE!
YOUR FAME GIFFS YOU NO SPECIAL PRIVILEGES! MARCH, SWINE!
YOUR DAY WILL COME, "SUPER-MAN"!
GEHEN SIE VOR!
FEAR NOTHING, MON AMI . . WE WILL BE PLACED WITH THE OTHER HOSTAGES . . ALL WILL YET BE WELL!
THE VICTIMS SOON JOIN A GRIM SCENE . . .
WHAT IS THIS I SEE? THAT SAME GIRL SMILING AND TALKING WITH THE FIRING SQUAD! HAS SHE NO EMOTIONS AT ALL?
UNEXPECTEDLY THE GIRL APPROACHES THE LINE UP . . SHE NEARS KISMET . . .
MY WIFE! WHAT ISS SHE DOING?
LISTEN, MONSIEUR, I HAVE BUT A MOMENT . . .
!
7

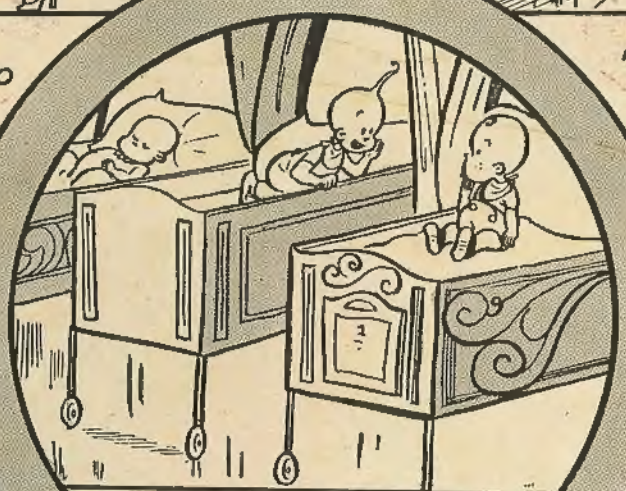

I AM YOUR FRIEND, MONSIEUR, FEAR NOTHING.. WHEN THE FIRING STARTS, DO AS THE OTHERS DO!
WHO ARE YOU?
PARDON, FRAU.. YOUR HUSBAND, GENERAL VON HADDEN HAS ARRIVED AND IS LOOKING FOR YOU!
BUT.. BUT.. I DID NOT EXPECT HIM TODAY!
SUDDENLY..
IT'S EASILY KNOWN YOUR VEINS ARE TAINTED WITH FRENCH BLOOD, MY FRAU! I SHALL SHOW YOU NO MORE MERCY THAN I DO YOUR COUNTRY FOLK, JA!
NON-NON! DO NOT SHOOT!
BUT...
QUICKLY, MY PEOPLE! FLEE! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES AND LONG LIVE FRANCE!
YOU BASE COWARD! SHOOT YOUR OWN WIFE, EH?
FIRE! FIRE THOSE MACHINE GUNS! OOFF!
BUT AS THE MACHINE GUNS SEND OUT A RATTLE OF DEATH.. THE HOSTAGES LEAP TO ACTION...
VOT ISS WRONG?
CLICK CLICK CLICK
HELP!
RUN! REENFORCEMENTS WILL SOON ARRIVE! GOD SPEED YOU ALL!
YES, KISMET, IT WAS MADAME WHO DISABLED THE GUNS. WE ALL OWE HER OUR LIVES!
LATER.. IN THE SECURITY OF THE CAVE...
I HAD PLENTY OF ACCESS TO THOSE GUNS BECAUSE OF MY HUSBAND. WHAT I DID WAS VERY LITTLE!
YOU MAKE LITTLE OF YOUR COURAGE, MADAME, AND I SALUTE YOUR MODESTY!
THRILL AGAIN WITH KISMET IN THE NEXT BOMBER Comics!

JEST LAFFS

BY WATT A. CARDE

"EDGAR! YOU WENT TO THAT TALKATIVE BARBER AGAIN!"

"ONE CHERRY HE PUTS ON THE CAKE, THEN HE SEZ TREAT EVERY-ONE ALIKE!"



"POOR KID IS EXHAUSTED! THE STORK WAS SO BUSY, A FLYING FORTRESS BROUGHT HIM!

"OX-TAIL SOUP! THAT'S THE END OF IT.. I WON'T EAT!"

"LOOK! JOE'S OVERCOME HIS STUTTERING!"

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